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NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

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Dear Mr. [unclear]
[unclear]

Patience & [unclear]

to be sent with [unclear]

Francis [unclear]
[unclear]

Little



THE RUDE MARCH WINDS.

LITTLE RAMBLERS, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY

FAVORITE AMERICAN AUTHORS.

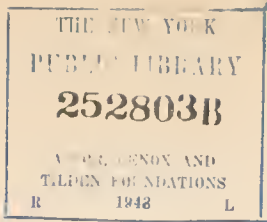


CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
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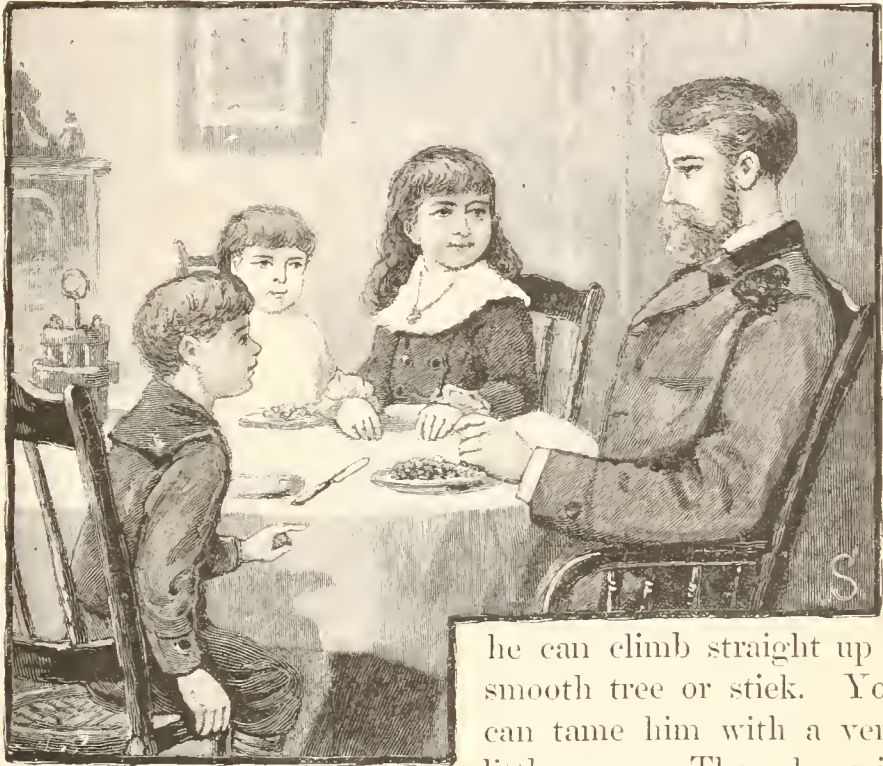


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1885,
By O. M. DUNHAM.

W. L. MERSHON & Co.,
Printers and Electrotypers.
RAHWAY, N. J.

THE TREE-TOAD.

DID you ever see a tree-toad? He is a pretty little fellow, soft and gray. He is clean, and pleasant to take in the hand. He has very odd fingers and toes. They are made so that



he can climb straight up a smooth tree or stick. You can tame him with a very little care. Then he will come up and take flies from your hand. If you hear something peep softly in a tree, like this, "T-a-a to weet weetery dee," look out for it. It may be the tree-toad. He looks like a small bunch of moss on the limb of the tree. Your eyes must be sharp to see him.

Unele Will is fond of pets of all kinds. He has a dog,

THE TREE-TOAD.

and a cat, and a squirrel. Besides those, he has some toads, and lizards, and a tame crane. He came one day to dine with the children. After playing some little games, they all sat down to dinner. Uncle Will told a sad story about a poor girl who was run over by the cars. While he was in the saddest part of it, the children all laughed. They joggled each other on the elbows, and began to point.

Uncle Will looked very grave. He did not know what to think of such conduct. Then little Bertie clapped his hands and cried, "O, Uncle Will, look there!" And what do you think made all the fun? Why, when Uncle Will was telling the story, a wee bit of a tree-toad crawled out of his coat pocket. The cunning little thing climbed upon his shoulder. There he sat, and winked at the children.

KHAM.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

"Now build me a castle!"

Cried Teddy, our king;

"A beautiful castle,

With turret and wing:

"I'm tired of houses,
With sheepfold and shed;
Now build a great castle
As high as my head!"

Down came the white sheepfold;

The dear, curly sheep,

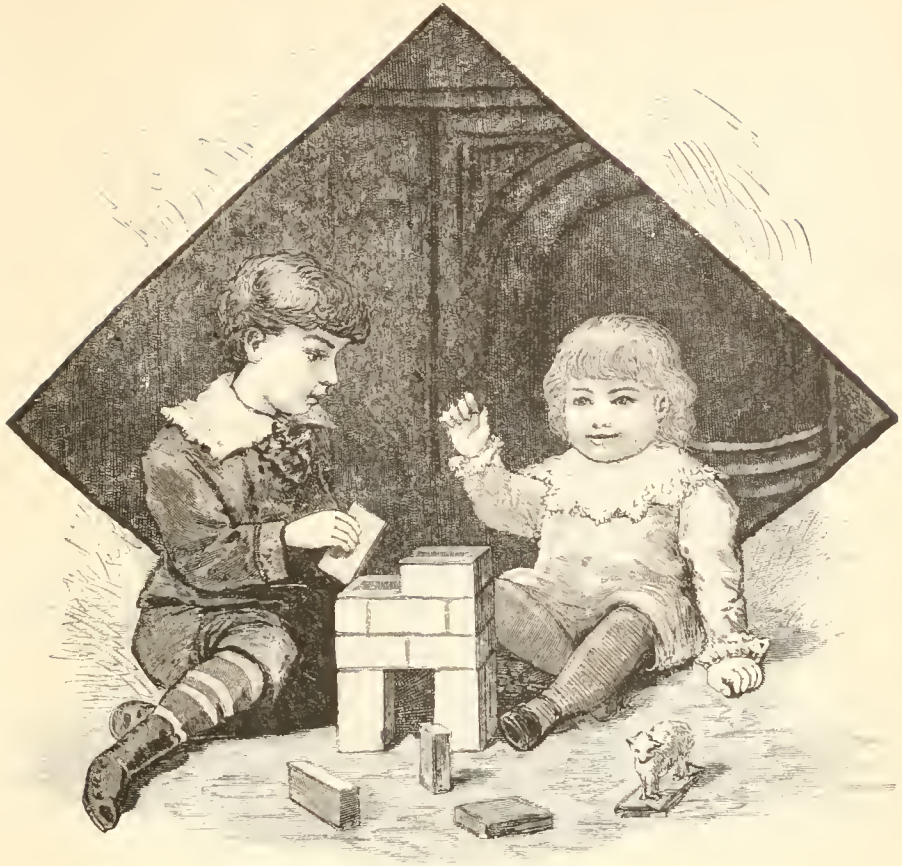
And red-cheeked young shepherdess

Tossed in a heap;

And high rose the castle
Till taller than Ted.

"Build higher!" he ordered, —
"Build high as *your* head!"

CASTLE-BUILDING.



Up, up rose the castle,
A building quite grand,
Most carefully built up
By John's steady hand.

Ah, Teddy! wee ruler
Of hearts and of home,
Your castle is fallen,
And shattered its dome;

“Build one story higher!”
Our architect frowned,
Obeyed, the walls tottered —
Swayed — fell to the ground!

But don't feel disheartened,
My dear little man,
For kind brother Johnnie
Will build it again.

M. J. TAYLOR.



OBEDIENT BESSIE.

OBEDIENT BESSIE.

"Sit still, Bessie, and grandpa will come for you. He may be a little late, but he is sure to come. There! my train is off! Good-by!"

Bessie Green kissed her father without a word; her heart was too full, and "came up in her throat," as we say. For Bessie was leaving home for the first time and felt very, very homesick already. Could it be that only that very morning—three hours ago—she had kissed mamma and romped with baby? Oh, it seemed so long ago!

"Grandpa is sure to come, and he'll be so glad to see me," she kept saying to herself.

In a very few minutes every one but the station-master had left the place. He was a kindly man, and when it came time to run home to dinner (his house was just across the road) he asked Bessie if she wouldn't come home and take dinner with his children? "I've a bonnie girl that you can have a play with," he said kindly.

"I'm to wait for grandpa, thank you," said Bessie; and then as she saw she would be alone the tears started.

"What's your grandpa's name, little one?"

"Mr. Green, sir."

"Oh, farmer Green! Why he fell down this morning and broke his leg! I shouldn't wonder if they'd forgotten all about you in the flurry. But don't you worry one bit; my boy Tom will take you up to grandpa's."

Bessie was puzzled. Papa had said: "Wait till grandpa comes," and the little girl had been taught to do just as she was told. "Would you send Tom to grandpa's and tell I'm here? Would that be too much, sir? Papa said I was to wait till they sent for me."

"Indeed Tom shall start right off," said Mr. Black, with a very bright smile. "You're a good, obedient little girl, and I hope you'll have many a game with my young ones. Tom shall go at once."

"Not without his dinner, sir," said Bessie. "I can wait."

"It'll not hurt a boy to wait a bit. But I must run across, there's my wife waving for me."

In five minutes a little girl came running across from the brown cottage with dinner for herself and Bessie, and the two chatted merrily till, an hour later, Tom and grandpa's "men" appeared, when Bessie went to the farm, promising to come very soon and "spend the day."

THE DAWN OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.



THE DAWN OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

“WAKE up, brother Willie! wake up! do you hear?
It is time we were wishing a Happy New Year
To mamma and papa; to their room let us go,
And give them some kisses for New Year, you know.”

Then four little feet patter swift on the floor,
And four little fists hammer loud on the door,

THE DAWN OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

And two little voices call loudly and clear,
“Wake up, mamma! papa! a Happy New Year!”

And two little figures in nightgowns so white,
And two little faces so merry and bright,
Snuggle in mamma's bed like wee birds in their nest,
And close to her warm, loving heart they are pressed.

Then the kisses begin, oh! so freely and fast,
That the two little kissers grow bankrupt at last;
And which are the happier no one can tell, —
May and Will, or the parents who love them so well!

The sunbeams are calling, “Come, up and away!
’Tis time you were dressed for the glad New Year's day!”
Ere down from the bedside the children are slipping,
And four little white feet go merrily skipping

In search of the stockings and shoes which await
Their four little owners who linger so late.
And the beautiful New Year, so gayly begun,
Is flooded with sunshine and frolic and fun!

MARY D. BRINE.



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

Lizzie is a wonderful little housekeeper. Mamma keeps but one servant, and, as there is a great deal to do, and mamma is busy taking care of the children, Lizzie helps in many ways.

“But doesn't she go to school?”

Certainly she does. But Lizzie would tell you there is plenty of time before and after school. She is up at six o'clock every morning in winter and at five in summer. It is she who sets the table, makes the beds, and washes the dishes. Then after school she irons the towels, handkerchiefs and stockings, and that she enjoys very much. She watches Bridget starch papa's shirts and sees how she irons them, and she has a grand surprise next vacation for mamma. Ah, you have guessed it! Yes, she is going to “do up” a shirt herself.

On Saturdays Lizzie puts on a big cooking apron and bakes cake and makes a nice dessert for Sunday. All this is great fun to Lizzie, and yet is very useful. But I must tell you what a nice reward Lizzie received for her kind helpful deeds.

One day a strange gentleman came to the school and talked to the children. “You are all learning very useful things in school,” he said, “but I wonder how many of you girls are learning to be good housekeepers? I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give a prize to the girl who makes the best cake, and another to the one who makes the best pudding, and another for the best baked custard.”

The school-girls looked at each other, and almost every one said “I'll try;” the girls who had never tried cooking were sure it would be “easy enough.” They had two days to try in, and what a time there was in almost every kitchen in the village.

Lizzie did not talk much about trying. She just said: “Mother, may I bake cake and dessert for Sunday very early Friday morning?” And mamma said, “Yes”; for she could trust her Lizzie.

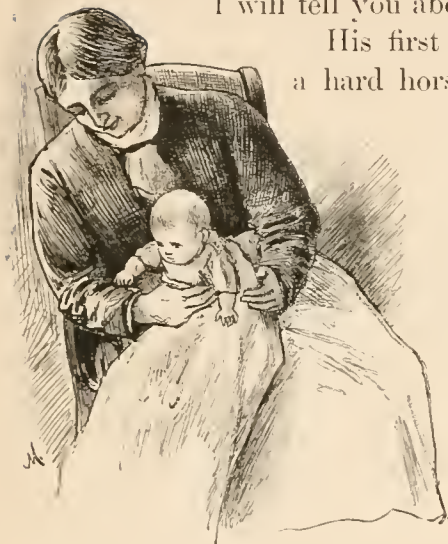
Who gained the prizes? Lizzie, to be sure. She brought a sponge cake and a cocoanut layer cake, a pudding that tasted like plum-pudding, but was made without eggs and *with* carrots, and a custard that was baked to a turn. The gentleman was so pleased that he gave her a little silver watch. Now, suppose you try a little housework.



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

ROY'S HORSES.

WHEN Roy was a little boy he had many fine horses.
I will tell you about them.



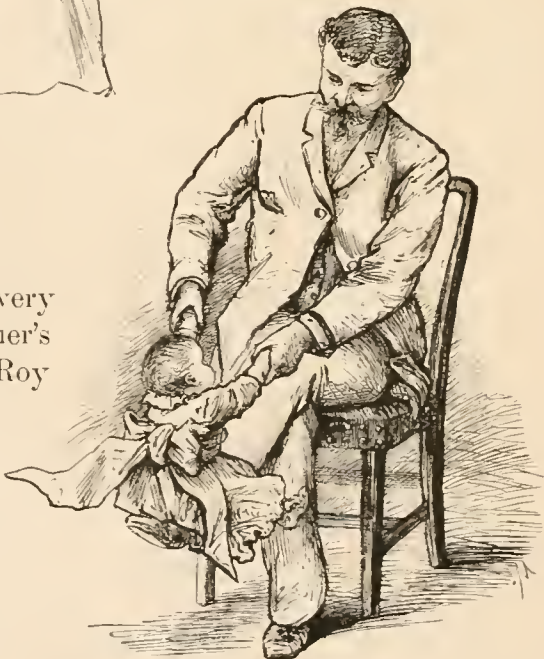
His first horse was nurse's knee. It was a hard horse to ride, for it could only trot.

Roy was very small when he rode this horse, so small that he could not hold his head up. When the horse would trot, Roy's head would roll round as though it would drop off; and nurse would sing as loud as she could: —

“Trot away to Boston,
Trot away to Lynn,
Trot away to Boston,
Trot home again.”

Roy's next horse was a very gay one. This was his father's foot. O, what fine rides Roy had on this horse! His father held his hands so that he could not fall off.

His next horse was a pretty tin one. It was a red horse with blue mane and tail. He held his head high, and was a fine horse to look at, but Roy could not ride him. He could only lead him about with a string, so he was soon tired of him.



ROY'S HORSES.

But Roy had a great deal of sport with his four-horse team. He could sit in the arm-chair, that was the coach, and crack his whip and make a great deal of noise. To be sure, the horses were only four chairs, but Roy held the lines in his hand and said, "Get up, Charley! Gee! Whoa!" and had great fun.

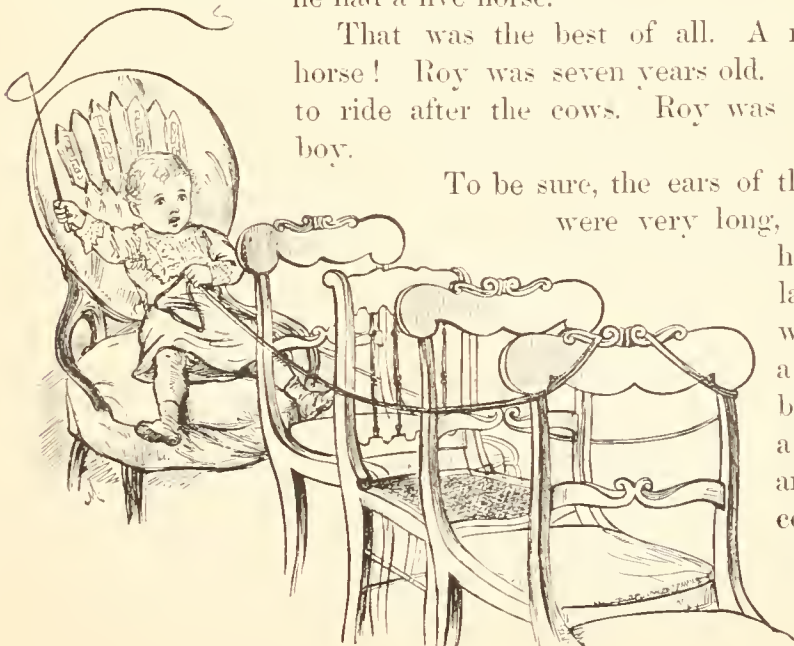
Next came the rocking-horse. Ah! then Roy was happy! This was a fine horse, — dark bay, with white mane, and tail made of real



horse-hair. Roy named him Dick. He never got tired of Dick till he had a live horse.

That was the best of all. A real live horse! Roy was seven years old. He used to ride after the cows. Roy was a happy boy.

To be sure, the ears of this horse were very long, and his head was large. He was only a donkey; but he was a live one, and Roy could ride him all day.



ROY'S HORSES.

The only thing that he could not fence to get on time Roy could less some one on the don-

But Roy donkey, thought stood the wanted could not



Roy did not like was, lead Tom up to the his back. For a long never get a ride un- was near to lift him key's back.

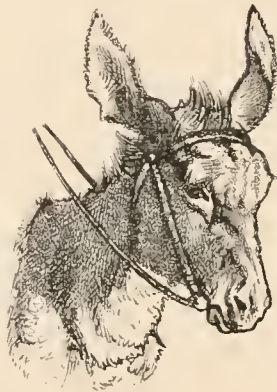
was smarter than the and one day he of something. There donkey, and Roy to ride, but he lead him any-

where, so get on. All spied a fence ground, and

on the donkey's back, and then crawled up on the board and got on. Roy never had any more trouble about getting on his donkey when he could find a board.

that he could at once Roy board on the he put one end

L. A. B. C.



A WEE LITTLE THING.

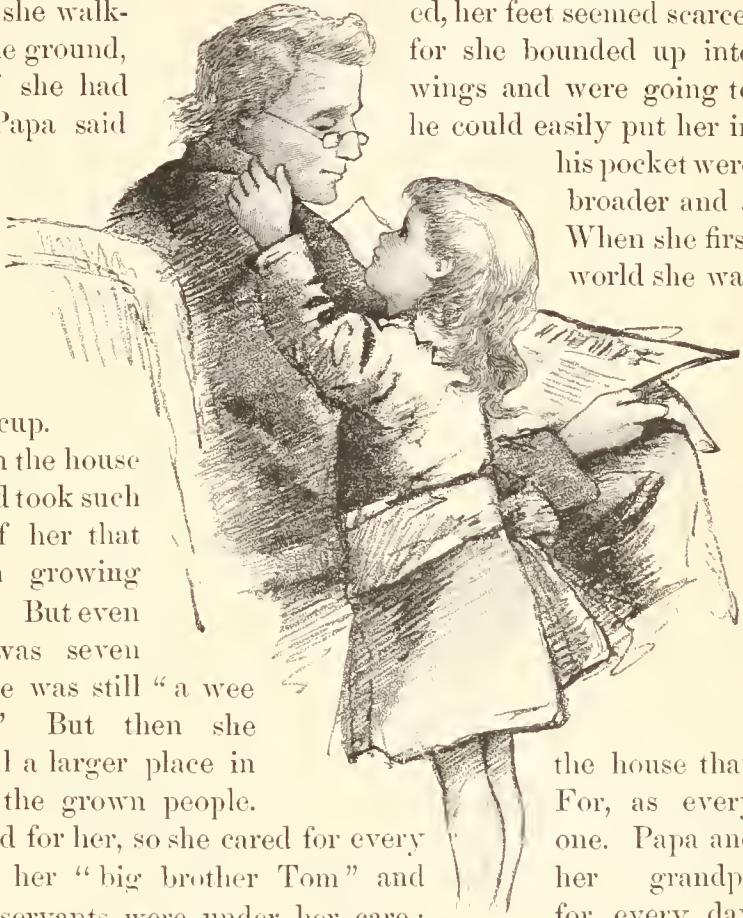
"A wee little thing." That's what some people called Maggie Bell. She was a tiny little girl only seven years old, and did not look to be as old as light. When she walked to touch the ground, the air as if she had fly away. Papa said his pocket, if only a little little deeper. came to this such "a wee little thing," she could go into a quart cup.

Everybody in the house loved her, and took such good care of her that she kept on growing and growing. But even when she was seven years old she was still "a wee little thing." But then she seemed to fill a larger place in any one of the grown people. one had cared for her, so she cared for every mamma and her "big brother Tom" and and all the servants were under her care; she did something to make them all happy.

When she laughed and danced about the room she made them happy. If she happened to be out of sight a few minutes, some one of the family would always say, "Where is our little Maggie?" and then she would come in, with her hoop on her arm, and tell

that, she was so small and ed, her feet seemed scarce- for she bounded up into wings and were going to he could easily put her in

his pocket were broader and a When she first world she was



the house than For, as every one. Papa and her grandpa for every day

A WEE LITTLE THING.

them all what she had seen, and what was said to her on the sidewalk. Mr. Sims came along and said he wished she was his little girl. She told him she couldn't be spared, she had so much to do in the house, — that. any way, grandpa couldn't live without her.

Grandpa smiled when she said this, and took out his pocket-handkerchief and rubbed his spectacles, and then put them on again, to get a better look at his rosy little Maggie.



“Could you spare me, grandpa, — could you?” she said, patting his withered cheeks with her dimpled hands.

“My darling! my treasure!” replied grandpa. “Your grandpa is very old, and the world would be a lonesome place for him without his little Maggie.”

“I won't ever let you be lonesome,” said little Maggie, patting his cheeks again; “and I won't ever let you be tired, for I'll find your spectacles every time you lose 'em, and I'll find your newspaper too.”

“Poor grandpa!” said the old man, “he's very old.”

“Never mind, grandpa,” replied Maggie; “you'll go up to the beautiful land by and by, — pretty soon, I guess,

— and then the angels will say, ‘Put away your spectacles, and your cane too, for you won't ever be old any more.’”

Grandpa smiled.

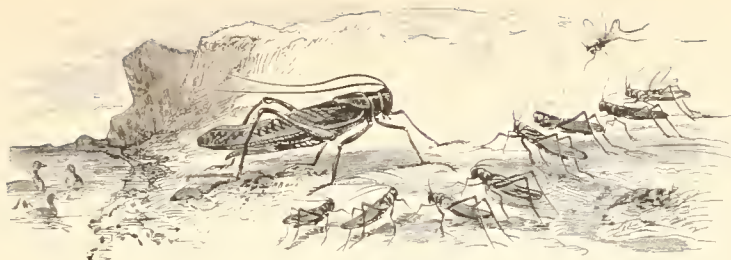
“‘Won't ever be old any more,’” he repeated to himself, as he nodded in his arm-chair.

Then he waked and slept and waked again.

“‘Won't ever be old any more,’” he repeated, and as he nodded again, his spectacles slipped off his nose and dropped on the carpet.

Maggie picked them up; and grandpa said; “If there's anybody in this world who knows what ‘the angels will say’ to me ‘by and by,’ it is the ‘wee little thing,’ my darling little Maggie.”

PAUL COBDEN.



NINE LITTLE GAD-ABOUTS.

LITTLE Dame Gad-about,
Once upon a time,
Started for the sea-shore,
With her children nine;
Nine little Gad-about,
Dressed in their best, —
Bottle-green waistcoat,
Brownish striped vest.
Keeping step together,
Left foot, then the right,
Like a band of soldiers, —
What a pretty sight!

Little Dame Gad-about,
Scenting the fray,
Lifted her gauzy wings
And soared far away.
Nine little Gad-about,
Pausing, alack!
Furnished a nice repast
For the Misses Quack.

Mistress Quack went bathing
On the self-same day;
With her three young ladies,
In their suits of gray, —
Three charming Misses Quack,
Coming from their bath, —
Met the little Gad-about
Marching down the path.
Mistress Quack bethought her,
“’T is our time to dine;
Make yourselves at home, dears, —
Gobble up the nine!”



MOTHER CAREY.

BLOSSOM'S EAR-ACHE.

Did you ever have an ear-ache? I hope not, for it is a very, very bad pain. This picture makes me think of how my own little Blossom suffered from an ear-ache. The little fellow in the picture sits very quiet, doesn't he? But Blossom was all the time in mamma's lap when she had an ear-ache. The little girl would not let mamma put any thing in the ear to make it better, and at last, after three or four days, mamma said: "I will put two leeches on Blossom's ear."

You see, a long time ago when Will, Blossom's big brother, had had a bad ear-ache, the doctor had put two leeches behind his ear, and after they had sucked a lot of blood Will was better and he never had another ear-ache. So her mamma sent for two leeches to put on her little girl.

Have you ever seen a leech? They are not at all pretty. They live in the water, and if they taste blood they will take hold and bite and suck and suck until they are all swelled up, and then they roll off.

Well, we scratched dear little Blossom and then held the leeches, one in front and one behind her pretty little ear, and very soon the ugly black things got hold and sucked our dear little girl's blood. Then by and by they rolled off, and mamma thought all she had to do was to put a piece of cotton on the place where the leech had bitten. But the blood kept trickling out and trickling out—all night long!

How frightened papa and mamma were! Dear little Blossom was so very still and looked so white! But God was good to us and our little girl got quite well, for the next morning the blood stopped flowing and in a day or two Blossom could run about as well as ever. And the best of it is she has not had any more ear-ache.

Blossom's brother, Robbie, kept one of the leeches, and he has him still in a bottle of water. I should think the poor thing would starve; but one thing I am sure of—he will not get a chance of sucking Blossom's blood again.



BLOSSOM'S EAR-ACHE.

THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

"When I'm seven years old, mamma?"

"Yes, Nancy, when you are seven you shall have a birth-day party."

"And who will come?"

"All the little people we know that are either five, or six, or seven."

"Let's see, mamma. Cousin Herbert is seven, and Mannie Strong is five, and——"

"Hattie and Georgie Price must come, and Susy Perkins and dear little Bella Noyes."

"And Ella Marston, mamma."

"She is eight, but she and little Marjorie must come, and then Charlie Lamb; I think those will be all."

"How many will there be?" asked Nancy.

"Let me see," said kind mamma, counting them over. "Nine in all, and you will make ten."

"Please tell me all about it," begged Nancy, so, as mamma worked she talked:

"About four o'clock you will be nice and fresh and clean and then your little friends will begin to come."

"Ella and Marjorie first, because they are the nearest."

"Yes, and then probably Charlie Lamb, and soon you will begin to play games—'Spin the Platter,' and 'I Spy,' and 'Hunt the Slipper.' And by and by you will all feel a little warm and tired, even though you play on the soft grassy lawn, and papa will sit down among you and tell you a story."

"And what will you do, mamma?"

"Oh, I shall be busy with Margaret getting the tea ready for all of you. I shall make all the nice cakes, and jellies, and ice cream in the morning, but at five o'clock I must set the table." And mamma smiled as she said this, for Nancy's birth-day present was to be a set of dishes; but Nancy was not to know any thing about them till she saw the pretty tea-table.

"And then when you ring the bell we'll all go through the glass door into the dining-room. And don't forget, mamma, that I am to pour the tea. Dear me! the teapot will be pretty heavy."

Mamma smiled and said she would help her little girl, and just then papa came across the lawn and Nancy ran to meet him. And they did have the party and played on the lawn, as you see in the picture.



THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

LITTLE WINNIE.

LITTLE Winnie was fond of playing "lady," as she called it. She would tell me to be "Mrs. Brown" and she would be "Mrs. Rose."

Then she would come to see me and ask how I felt. I would say, "Very well, Mrs. Rose, how are you this morning?" "I am well too," she would add, "but Lucille has a pain in her wibs."



Lucille was Winnie's pretty wax doll, and must have been a very delicate one, for Winnie would always tell of "the pain in her wibs" whenever she was left at home.

Winnie did n't look strong herself, but had never been ill before the time I am telling you of. She was such a good little girl, Aunt Phillis, the cook, told Winnie's mamma she never would raise that child, she was too good to live.

Well, I must tell you of Winnie's birthday party. You would have laughed if you could have seen us.

Besides Gip and Tabbie—my dog and cat—there were only Winnie with Lucille, and I with Belle.

Belle was an old doll of mine, almost as large as Winnie. Belle is never brought out from the attic except on great occasions, like Winnie's birthday.

We set our "party-table" under the oak-tree on the lawn.

Winnie placed the tea-set on the table, while I got the goodies ready. Belle had used that same tea-set when she was young. But she did n't seem to remember anything about it.

LITTLE WINNIE.

Through respect to her age, Belle was placed at the head of the table, and she behaved just as well as if she knew that to be the seat of honor. But Gip was just "horrid," as Winnie said. While I was pouring out the tea, Winnie was kept very busy quieting Gip. He would try to lick Belle in the face, in spite of all Winnie's efforts to



make him behave. At last Winnie said "he was too drefful to come to parties." She then sent him from the table, as mammas sometimes do little folks when they are naughty.

Tabbie was "beautiful," though she did lap her milk from a saucer, and spatter it on Lucille's dress. Lucille was not at all cross, and didn't say one word about it.

After the dinner was over I told Winnie we would take the dolls and gather some flowers. But Winnie said, "Wait a little while, I have a pain in my wibs."

Lucille never suffered much from these pains. I was not uneasy until I took Winnie's hand in mine. It felt very hot. I noticed

A LITTLE EAST INDIAN BOY.

her cheeks were rosier than usual ; so I called John and told him “ to drive us over to Winnie’s home.”

She enjoyed the ride very much ; but when I asked her if the pain was better, she said, “ Yes, but I think we will have to leave the flowers till to-morrow.”

We did leave them for several “ to-morrows,” for Winnie was put in a hot bath as soon as she got home. The doctor came to see her many times. We were quite uneasy about her.

Aunt Phillis was sure she must die, because “ she was so patient.” But Winnie at last got well, and her mamma gave her a pretty little tea-set for taking the bad medicine without crying.

AUNT NELL.



A LITTLE EAST INDIAN BOY.

AWAY over on the other side of the world are the East Indies. The people there are called East Indians.

When Columbus discovered the New World, and called it America, he thought he had found a part of India. He called the islands where he first landed the West Indies. The other India was called the East Indies.

A great many years after, people went to the West Indies to raise sugar-cane. They sent to Africa and stole many people from there. They carried them to these islands and made them work on their lands. The people who were taken from their homes were

A LITTLE EAST INDIAN BOY.

called negroes. As their country is hot, like the West Indies, they did very good work for their masters.

But as the world grew older the people living in it began to feel that it was wrong to make slaves of their fellow-men. After much trouble the black men were set free, and not made to work if they did not want to.

Though this was good for the black men, it was bad for the white men, the planters, who owned them. Their great estates lay idle, because the negro would not work.

Then they sent to the East Indies and hired the natives of that land to come over and help them. They promised to give them good pay for five years if they would work for them. A great many left their homes and came to the West Indies to work for the planters. Sometimes whole shiploads of men, women, and children came. A doctor goes with them, who cares for the sick, and they do not have to work very hard.

Many of them make a good deal of money. After they have served five years they can work for themselves. They then open little shops, and keep goats, fowl, and cattle. They make more money than ever before in their lives, and much of this money they spend for jewelry.

This little boy, with rings about his legs and arms, and coins hung about his neck, is one of the coolies. Coolie, in their language, means slave; but he is not a slave. He is as happy and pleasant as any white boy. He is not black, like the negro, but dark brown. His hair is black and straight. The negro's hair is black and curly. The boys in that hot climate lead a very happy life, and do not have to wear much clothing.



HARRY'S FIRST MOTTO.



HARRY is six years of age. He thought the other day that he should like to work a motto. A motto is done with a needle and worsted on cardboard. Boys do not sew as nicely as girls, but he said he knew he could make one like Maud's. So his mother let him.

He said he would make, "Kind words can never die." The way it looked, when done, all in nice red and green shades, may be seen on the next page.

Harry gave it to his Uncle John. His uncle liked it, because it showed a good spirit. He did not like it any the less for the funny "S"

NID-NODDING.

and "N." It is queer that at first almost all boys and girls make their "S" and their "N" wrong.

If you will get cardboard that is nicely shaded, almost any boy or girl can make a nice motto. It is a pretty present to give any one. Make it off by yourselves and surprise mother or father with it on some birthday.

R. W. LOWRIE.



NID-NODDING.

Go, little darling. go,
Nid-nodding to Bye-low:

The snow-white sheep
Are fast asleep,

In such a pretty row,
All in the sweet Bye-
low;

Then go, my darling, go.

M. J. T.

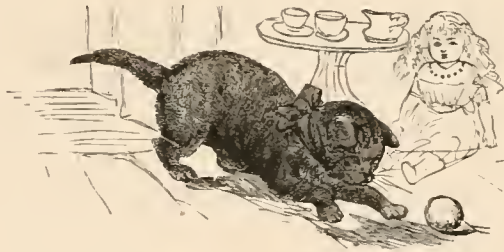




PUSSIE, PUSSIE WHITE-FOOT.

PUSSIE, Pussie White-foot
In the morning came,
Wet, and cold, and draggled
With the sleet and rain.

Pussie, Pussie White-foot,
Hungry and alone,
In the baby's play-room
Found a pleasant home.



Pussie, Pussie White-foot,
Mottled brown and black ;
When she sees old Carlo,
How she bends her back !

Pussie, Pussie White-foot,
Fur as soft as silk ;
See her roll and tumble !
See her lap her milk !

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



OUT FOR A WALK.

ONE little girlie

Out for a walk.

TWO little babies

Learning to talk ;

THREE little doggies

Chasing a rat ;

FOUR little kittens

Teasing a cat.

OUT FOR A WALK.

There, by the gate,
In the bright summer weather,
Pups, babes, and kittie-cats
All met together.
Out came a donkey
With a loud bray, —
Pups, babes, and kittie-cats
All ran away!

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.







